



SATURDAY, FEB. 3, 1900

DARK SIDE OF LIFE.

Strange Hospital Incident Which
Furnishes Food for Thought.Leroy Mason, Reared by an Old Col-
ored Servant. After Mamma's
Death Becomes His Real Meth-
er's "Adopted Son."[Special Washington Letter.]
VERY many strange things hap-
pen in large cities, and the tel-
ling of them all would fill vast
libraries with stories of real life, and
"of the making of books there would
be no end."The founding asylums are interest-
ing places to those who are inclined
to reflection and contemplation, be-
cause therein we see the beginnings
of the lives of men and women who
are to take their places in the affairs
of the immediate future. No matter
how well the waifs may be reared,
they never know the real meaning of
the word "home." They see other
children with fathers and mothers,
but they must live in ignorance of
their own ancestry. That one thought
alone incites the mind to pity and
compassion.Men forget their children and de-
sert their wives in the mad race of
life. Women cling to their offspring
as long as they can hold them to their
breasts. They also cling to their hus-
bands "for better or for worse," even
after they have found them to be
much worse than they could have an-
ticipated. Therefore it is that we
have such deep sympathy for both
mother and child when they are de-
serted. But no human being can
fully realize the condition of a little
one bereft of both father and mother.Not long ago there came to one of
the hospitals of this city a negro
woman of middle age, bearing in her
arms a white child only a few weeks
old, begging shelter for the child and
for herself because she was sick and
threatened with malarial fever. The
negro woman was given a cot in the
free ward and the white child was
taken in charge by one of the nurses.
The woman soon became delirious and
was seriously ill with typhoid
fever. Two months passed away be-
fore she was able to leave the hos-
pital. She said that the baby had
been given to her to care for, but she
would not tell the name of its par-
ents.When she was able to leave the hos-
pital she asked permission to go to

TAKEN WHEN SIX WEEKS OLD.

her rooms to get new clothing for the
white baby, saying that she would
return within an hour. She was per-
mitted to go. Two weeks have passed
away and she has not returned. The
little waif was finally turned over to
the care of sisters of charity in charge
of an orphan asylum. It will grow
to manhood and never know who
were its father and mother.Of course the child will never know
the true meaning of the word "home,"
and what the future portends for it
nobody can dare to foretell.The average reader will say that
there are thousands of such cases,
and that is true. This incident is
narrated simply to point a moral and
adorn a tale. Those who sin forget
the effects of their wrongdoing. They
forget that there is a time coming
when everything will be laid bare
before the awful tribunal of con-
science, when "the rich and the poor
shall be gathered together, for the
Lord is the Maker of us all."The little baby referred to may have
a life of goodness or the reverse.
Its parents cannot tell. But this lit-
tle one has had many predecessors
like unto itself ushered into the mys-
tery of life; and of one of them this
story is told to show the effects of
the abandonment of children.Leroy Mason is a white boy nine
years of age, who attends one of our
public schools. He is a handsome lit-
tle fellow, always standing well in his
classes, and always punctual in at-
tendance upon the school sessions.
He never invited any of the children
to his home, and the teacher never
saw his father or mother. A few
days ago he was found begging on
the streets, begging food for his
mother, who, he said, was very sick
and probably dying.The case was reported to the police
department, and was investigated by
the board of children's guardians. The
boy led an inspector to an attic with
two rooms in the heart of the city, op-
posite the patent office building.
There, upon a little straw pallet, lay
the suffering "mother" of this lit-
tle boy. She was a negro woman, up-
wards of 80 years old, and was mani-
festly in a dying condition. She was
taken to a hospital, and the boy wasgiven to one of the ladies in charge of
home missionary work. This lady gave
him a comfortable room and attended
to his wants with maternal care. She
learned from the boy that he had writ-
ten letters to certain parties for his
"mother," but he would not give any
further information.The old negro woman when taken
to the hospital declined to tell any-
thing of his parentage. Her name is
Lucy Mason, and the little white boy
took her name. This faithful old negro
"mamma" had worked and toiled for
the boy, until she broke down in
health. Then the little fellow neglect-
ed his school, stayed away from his
Sunday school, and took care of her,
until he was obliged to go upon the
streets and beg for aid. Woman and
child were apparently devotedly at-
tached to each other, and both of them
cried when they were separated.The officers of the police force and
the ladies of the missionary society
shook their heads and admitted that
in all of their experience with fallen
and suffering humanity they had never
known nor heard of such a case. The
old negro woman said that the child
was given to her to keep, that she knew
his parents, but she would not give

RECEIVING HER "ADOPTED SON."

their names nor say anything which
would enlighten the authorities. She
said that she knew she was dying, and
she would die contented if she could
only be assured that some kind person
would care for "her boy." She said
that when Leroy Mason was only six
weeks old he was given to her, and
that she had promised to never tell any-
one anything about his origin."I was a slave," she said, "and I lived
with the family until after the war.
Then I came to Washington because the
family was scattered, and I was free.
But I always loved the family, for all
of them were kind to me. I will never
tell anything about them, for they were
good people always, and I loved my
little mistress."That was all, save that she said she
belonged to the Mason family, took her
name from that family, and that Ma-
son was the correct name of the boy.
She also said that she had lived in Vir-
ginia. Inasmuch as the Mason family
of Virginia is a large family, it was,
of course, well-nigh impossible to ascer-
tain of which branch of that family
little Leroy belonged. The mystery was
not solved by these slight admis-
sions.But the boy was in the hands of a
good kind woman, who soon gained his
confidence. She told him that his
"mother" would not live, and that his
parents must be found, in order that
some one might be required to care
for him. Finally he said that his
"mother" used to receive letters, which
were read to her by colored girls and
sometimes by white gentlemen, who
were called in to her attic rooms for
that purpose. His "mother" had urged
him to study hard at school, in order
that some day he might read letters
for her, and write letters for her.
Within the last two years he has been
able to read her letters for her, and
write letters in reply. But he would
not tell anything unless his "mother"
gave him permission to do so. He was
taken to the hospital several times to
see her, but the old woman adjured him
never to tell. He persisted in his
silence, saying that he would never de-
cease her.He had not only been sent to school,
but he was one of the beloved little
attendants of Calvary Baptist Sunday
school, and his teachers were all inter-
ested in him; particularly when they
ascertained, through the daily papers,
that there was a mystery concerning
his birth and parentage. He was well
bred, well-mannered and manifested
the refinement of gentle breeding. His
old guardian had been reared as a house
servant in a Virginia family, and those
house servants in the old Virginia fam-
ilies well knew how to bring up chil-
dren.At last old Lucy Mason died in the
hospital, carrying with her to the grave
the mystery of Leroy Mason's par-
entage. But fortunately she had lived
long enough to have the little fellow
read her letters and answer them for
her, and he knew his mother's name
and address.The lady who had taken him into her
home then convinced him that, inasmuch
as his "mother" was gone, and what he
might as his "mother" could do her
no harm, but would benefit himself,
he gave the desired information, and
himself wrote a letter to his re-
mother, telling her that he was alone,
helpless and in charge of strangers.
The letter was addressed to Buffalo,
N. Y.An answer came quickly. His mother
is married; happily married. She has
a family, and will take Leroy as her
"adopted son" with the consent of her
husband. How this matter will be
cleared up in the domestic atmosphere
is not known. But the little fellow is
to have a home at last, with his real
mother.But what of his future? Poor little
fellow! He is to be the "adopted son"
of his own mother. Truly truth is
stranger than fiction.

SMITH D. FRY.

It Would Seem So.

"It's a long lane that has no turn-
ing," remarked the man who owns a
book of popular quotations."Now I should think," said the other
fellow, "that a long lane would be more
likely to have turnings than a short
one."—N. Y. Journal.

Of No More Use.

"Why did you discharge that cut-
ter?""Oh, we can't use him any more," an-
swered the tailor. "Now that box coats
have gone out of style we have to make
things to fit."—Chicago Post.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

C. P. Huntington is the only survivor
of the great Southern Pacific quartet,
composed of Stanford, Crocker, Hop-
kins and himself, and he now owns,
or holds, an option on three-fourths of
the stock of the road.A German statistician has been count-
ing up the books that have been writ-
ten about famous women. He finds
that Marie Antoinette, Joan of Arc,
Mary Stuart and Pope Joan head the
list, with over a hundred books each.A Pretoria barber who is new in
London says that President Kruger
never patronizes a barber, setting his
own razor and shaving himself. Mrs.
Kruger cuts her husband's hair and
does the work in about the average
amateur style.In 1883 three now famous men were
at the University of Strasburg—Roent-
gen, Paderewski and Tesla. Then
Roentgen was a professor of physics,
Paderewski was an instructor in music
and Tesla was installing the electric
light plant at the university.It is a habit of Senator Cockrell, of
Missouri, to read in the senate the
name of every constituent who sends him
a petition for presentation. This gets
the names of his people in the
Record in big black type, which they
delight to see when he sends them
marked copies with his compliments.Senator Hanna has characteristic dis-
regard for the conventionalities of po-
lite society. A few evenings ago he
shocked Washington society by ap-
pearing in public wearing a sack suit
and a silk hat. He has been the re-
cipient of several hints on this sub-
ject, but ignores them in his usual
burly way.An old interviewer of Washington
pronounces Gen. Wheeler one of the
hardest men to interview in this coun-
try. He says: "The general is even
more shy than he has been represent-
ed. 'Reluctant' doesn't half describe
him. He is simply the despair of every
newspaper man who tries to get 'copy'
out of him."

THE CHATEAU D'IF.

Prison of Dumas' Famous Romance,
"Count of Monte Cristo," as
It Exists To-Day.A correspondent of the Paris Temps,
who attended the recent festival in Mar-
seilles commemorating the twenty-five
hundredth anniversary of the founda-
tion of the prison where Dumas' Count
of Monte Cristo was confined. A boat
made three trips a day to the island—
one indication of how widely Dumas is
still read. The boat was full, and every-
body maintained the serious demeanor
proper on a pilgrimage. The trip takes
about half an hour. The castle, situated
on an islet about 800 yards in cir-
cumference, entirely surrounds it with its
wall. It is a heavy structure, with
short, thickset towers and a square don-
jon, yet there is a certain beauty in the
color of its stones, even in its massive
conformation. It was never used as
anything but a state prison—a south-
ern bastille. Francis I. in 1524 laid the
first stone. He was through personal
experience a connoisseur in prisons.The cells open into a small, gloomy
inside court. Many have no windows;
some are merely low dungeons, below
the level of the ground. Three larger
and more cheerful ones on the second
story have contained famous prisoners;
the Man in the Iron Mask, who was
transferred in 1686 to the Island of St.
Marguerite; Philippe Egalite, father of
Louis Philippe, who was beheaded on
November 6, 1793, and Mirabeau, by vir-
tue of a letter de cachet obtained by his
father. But these places are not the
ones that attract the crowds of visitors.They all direct their steps first to a
dungeon on the first floor, dreadful of
appearance, with an iron-bound door,
a griled peephole, a bolt weighing a
dozen pounds. Enter this door and you
are in a chamber, dry, but gloomy,
lighted by one little lamp. Written out-
side it are these words: "Cell of the
Abbe Faria, expelled from Rome in 1811,
confined in the Chateau d'If as a con-
spirator, died in 1829." It is neverthe-
less only an ante-chamber. Faria's cell
is in a kind of recess, where a man can
hardly stand, and where no ray of light
penetrates. In this cell can be seen
the hole dug by the abbe to communi-
cate with Dantes! Yes, it really ex-
ists, this hole! What southern genius
dug it? It is not known, but it is there,
unfailing proof of the power of a pop-
ular book's illusion of reality. Through
this hole Dantes' cell can be dimly seen,
and it is a glimpse of mystery the more
terrifying because the door has been
walled up and no one can enter.According to serious archeological
investigators, there were really prison-
ers confined in this dreadful hole,
among them one named Bernard, a
rich merchant of Marseilles, arrested
on a charge of speaking ill of Cardinal
Richelieu, and left there to die of hun-
ger. Jean Paul, a sailor who had struck
his commanding officer, died there in
the tower in 1779, after 31 years of cap-
tivity. It was doubtless the story of
these men, literally buried alive, that in-
spired Dumas. To-day for the whole
world the Chateau d'If is the prison of
Faria and Dantes, and the inscriptions
are there to certify to their existence.
An Italian visitor some years ago kissed
the stones of these dungeons and wept
copiously.The correspondent embarked for the
mainland. The captain of the boat
pointed out to him a tiny islet sticking
up out of the sea—a mass of rocks,
wave-beaten and tragic in aspect.
"Tiboulon," he said, "where Dantes
first landed after his escape."—N. Y.
Tribune.

Not a Friend.

Mr. Northside—Who was that friend
you had with you this afternoon?
Mr. Shady-side: That wasn't a friend.
That was my father-in-law.—Pittsburgh
Chronicle Telegraph.

Left.

He who is left last is left worst.—
Chicago Dispatch.

Proof Positive.

"I wonder if all men are fools,"
snapped Mrs. Enpeck during a little
domestic tiff the other morning."No, indeed, my dear," replied her
husband. "I know a number of men
who are bachelors."—Chicago Daily
News.The Lumberman.
For all the lumberman's rough jocu-
larity, his heart is right. Once the
forest harbored fugitives from justice;
but the railroad brought the sheriff,
the sheriff brought the law, and law
brings decency. Besides, as at sea
and on the plains, the open air
breathes a spirit of chivalry. Suppose
a man affronts a waitress, 20 defend-
ers leap to their feet. Suppose a poor
fellow is hurt, round goes the hat.
What is more, two comrades will
drop their work and take him 60 miles
to the doctor. And, sad to tell, there
is need enough for that sort of sym-
pathy. "Woodman," says Helen, who,
in spite of my earnest remonstrance,
never verifies her quotations, "Wood-
man, spare that tree!" A fine hero, no
doubt, is this man of the forest, a
brave and generous soul; but, never-
theless, as in the case of Mr. Burgess'
impurified heifer, "I'd rather see than
be one." For, roundly outdoing that
sly humorist's confessed preference
for "fingers rather than toes," the
lumberman does his best to dispense
with both. What are left by the
woods are claimed by the mill.—R. L.
Hart, in Atlantic.

Tante Kruger.

Mrs. Paul Kruger is said to have ac-
cepted her husband's offer of marriage
with the words: "I can bake, I can
cook, I can sew, I can clean, I can
scrub." Whether or not this is the cus-
omary Boer formula is not explained,
but it is true that the wife of the pre-
sident of the Transvaal has lived up to
her words. Oom Paul is said to be worth
several millions. Much of this accumu-
lation is said to be attributed to the
drift and economy of his wife, who was
not only able to do the things that
would help to make a man rich, but was
not ashamed to do them. She is still a gen-
tle-mannered, blue-eyed woman, who has
not changed her method of life because
the husband she married as a poor man
has come to have riches and power. She
still attends to the duties of which she
told her husband she was capable.—
Boston Globe.

A Fulfilled Prophecy.

They hadn't seen each other for two
or three years and were talking about
old times."By the way," said Carter, "you were
in trouble over a love affair the last
time I saw you. Some girl had declined
to be your wife, I believe.""Yes," replied Gaston, "and do you
remember the encouragement you gave
me? You told me not to care; that
inside of six months I would meet
plenty of other girls. I would think
were far superior to her.""I have a faint recollection of say-
ing something like that.""Well, you were right. It happened
just as you said it would. She changed
her mind, and we got married after
all."—Chicago Times-Herald.BLOOD POI-
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Have you Rheumatism? Have you Rheumatism?
Have you ulcers in the mouth? Have you ulcers in the mouth?
Do humors break out on the skin? Do humors break out on the skin?
Does the blood circulate sluggishly? Does the blood circulate sluggishly?
Does the blood feel hot and feverish? Does the blood feel hot and feverish?Do the hands and feet puff up
and swell?
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the skin?
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won't heal?There is only one real cure for
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